D·W·GRIFFITH

presents

AMERICA

Price 25 cents

D·W·GRIFFITH

FOREWORD

TODAY, when the average American enjoys comforts unknown to Kings two hundred years ago.

Today, when we are the most prosperous people in the world.

Today, when we live under a government which may have its faults, but which is after all the best government the world has ever known—

Let us remember the self-sacrifice of our forefathers.

Let us remember the cost, in human lives, to make us a free people—

Lest we forget the price of Liberty paid in blood and tears.

Cast of Characters

(In the order of their appearance.)

Nathan Holden ..... Neil Hamilton
Justice Montague ..... Erville Alderson
Miss Nancy Montague ..... Carol Dempster
Charles Philip Edward Montague ..... Charles Emmett Mack
Samuel Adams ..... Lee Beggs
John Hancock ..... John Dunton
King George III ..... Arthur Donaldson
William Pitt ..... Charles Bennett
Lord Chamberlain ..... Dowling Clark
Thomas Jefferson ..... Frank Walsh
Patrick Henry ..... Frank McGlynn, Jr.
George Washington ..... Arthur Dewey
Richard Henry Lee ..... P. R. Scammon
Captain Walter Butler ..... Lionel Barrymore
Sir Ashley Montague ..... Sidney Deane
General Gage ..... W. W. Jones
Captain Montour ..... E. Roseman
Chief of Senecas, Hiakatoo ..... Harry Semalls
Paul Revere ..... Harry O'Neill
John Parker, Captain of Minute Men ..... H. Van Bousen
Major Pitcairn ..... Hugh Baird
Jonas Parker ..... James Milaidy
Colonel Prescott ..... H. Koser
Major General Warren ..... Michael Donovan
Captain Hare ..... Louis Wolheim
Chief of Mohawks, Joseph Brant ..... Riley Hatch
Edmund Burke ..... W. Rising
Personal servant of Miss Montague ..... Daniel Carney
Household servant at Ashley Court ..... E. Scanlon
Lord North ..... Emil Hoch
A Refugee Mother ..... Lucille La Verne
(by special courtesy)
Major Strong ..... Edwin Holland
An Old Patriot ..... Milton Noble

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General Manager

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How Mr. Griffith Came to Make "America"

THE romance of one hundred and ten million people—that is the story of "America," which many critics now declare is greater than Mr. Griffith's earlier picture, "The Birth of a Nation."

Several years ago, Mr. Griffith began planning an elaborate and accurate film story of the American Revolution; but at that time, so-called costume plays were not popular. His research staff had harvested many unusual and whimsical facts long shadowed as trifles, but vividly revealing the life of that day.

In May, 1923, the Daughters of the American Revolution addressed a letter to the motion picture industry, inquiring why a film of the Revolutionary War had not been undertaken, and suggesting it should not be delayed.

Mr. Will Hays received the letter and asked Mr. Griffith to undertake the work.

Before doing it, he made a secret trip to Boston, visiting all the shrines of patriotism in that vicinity. He went to the Old North Church, motored along the ride that Paul Revere made, crossed the bridge at Concord and lay on the bank in the hot spring sun for more than an hour directly where "the shot heard round the world" was fired.

That night he decided to make the film, not to show in chronological detail the incidents of the war, but to portray the spirit of sacrifice which encouraged the little band of Americans untrained in war, to defy and conquer the hosts of the invading army.

He believed it would be of moral value as well as passing entertainment for the American people to see again the bravery and unbreakable will that their forefathers presented against the agonizing woes and the hostile scourges through a cold, ill-dressed and hungry warfare, without adequate arms or disciplined leaders.

He first took the ride of Paul Revere, a brief incident in the story but one that required three weeks to film. The engine in horseflesh selected as the mount defeated nine riders before Harry O'Neill was found to handle him. His playful preliminary to work one morning at the filming, was to leap over the hood of a big motor truck. This horse is one of the most famous jumpers in the world, but too uncontrolled for show or competitive purposes.

The only time it was ever quiet enough to handle with ease came when it became sea-sick taking the boat ride from the Mamaroneck studio to Lexington, for the cross-country scenes. Remember this throughout the picture . . . that every historic scene shown in the film was photographed in part on the actual ground where the historic action occurred.

Mr. Griffith then took his players to Lexington for scenes at the old Clark home, showing Hancock and Adams arriving and leaving there. This is the same house that sheltered them in 1775.

The scenes in Lexington were taken with the kindly aid of Edwin B. Worthen, president of the Lexington Historical Society.

Next, Mr. Griffith went to the Old North Church, in Boston, where Charles K. Bolton, president of the Boston Athenaeum and senior warden of Old North Church, permitted him to wire the belfry, the first time ever done. Police and fire guards were in constant attendance to guard against possibility of fire or damage.

The scenes shown in the picture are actual photographs of this church which stands exactly as it did when Paul Revere received his alarm.

Through Secretary of War John W. Weeks, Mr. Griffith received the assistance of the United States Army in arranging the battle scenes. Major William C. Rose of Governor's Island sent the 18th and 16th Infantry under command of Captain George T. Shank.

Lexington Common and Buckman's Tavern were reproduced with photographic exactness on the studio grounds, and there the Battle of Lexington was staged after the Doolittle drawings which are accepted as faithful by historians.

The larger battle scenes were made near the Putnam County border in New York State.

As the guest of Robert W. Chambers, Mr. Griffith then went into the Mohawk Valley Country in New York State, to travel over the scenes of the Indian con-

flicts. He personally visited every important battlefield there, traveling hundreds of miles.

Before the chill of Autumn, he wished to secure the magnificent Virginia estates in all the glory of full foliage.

With his players and staff, he went to Westover on the James River, one of the greatest of the old estates, where Mr. and Mrs. Richard Crane, present owners, welcomed the staging of the scenes that brought to life again the legends of gayety in the Revolutionary War time.

He went also to Shirley on the James River, the famous old King Carter estate, through the hospitable courtesy of Admiral and Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Bransford who live there at present.

Scenes in Yorktown, on the actual site where Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington's army, were secured with the co-operation of G. Watson James, Jr., National Historian of the Sons of the Revolution.

Returning to Washington, the War Department permitted Col. Hamilton Hawkins to aid Mr. Griffith with the crack Third U. S. Cavalry at Ft. Myer, Va., in scenes as Morgan's Rangers. Major J. M. Wainwright commanded the troop and took part in the action, dressing in fur-trimmed buckskin with his troopers to make the actual charges of the Rangers securely true in reproduction for the film.

Whenever Mr. Griffith traveled to these "locations" he took with him players and a staff totaling never less than 130 and as high as two thousand.

While he was away, his staff at the studio had been erecting the huge sets, replicas of the House of Parliament in London, Independence Hall, the House of Burgesses in Virginia, and the home of England's King, George the Third.

"America" then is an accurate as well as dramatic record of the events portrayed. Every historical scene is played as it actually occurred, with no liberties taken for dramatic convenience.

The 1923 Battle of Bunker Hill

Doughboy Depiction More Comfortable and Less Perilous Than History-Making Event of '75

By Captain George T. Shank, 18th Inf., U. S. A.

(Reprinted by permission, from the official Bulletin of the United States Army Recruiting Service.)

LATE last September an American Expeditionary Force, consisting of the 18th Infantry, supplemented by a small detachment of the 16th, left its quarters in New York Harbor for a location in the hills of southern New York near the quaint old village of Somers. The mission of these troops was not to represent their country in battle, but on the contrary to play the part of their quondam enemies, the British Regulars, in the stirring scenes of Revolutionary history to be depicted for the first time on the silver screen, to serve as an indelible record of the patriotic deeds of our forefathers.

Now to go back and furnish the background for this strange expedition which astonished the sober countryside with the sights and deeds of armies long dead, and filled the green hills of Westchester County with the colorful scarlet and buff of the Grenadier Guards, the Royal Welsh Fusileers and the Light Infantry of His Majesty's Army in the Colonies:

These troops of the famous 1st Division were part of the army of actors to be used in the filming of the play "America," staged by that master genius of the movies, Mr. D. W. Griffith. A reconnaisance party preceded the expedition by several days, and, having met Mr. Griffith and his very able staff, soon caught the spirit of the play. It was found to be a patriotic production, long dreamed of and now to be actually staged. It had had its inception in the minds of many, including that of our late President, and had the able assistance of the Daughters of the American Revolution and other historical societies, all of which were interested in placing on record an accurate reproduction of the historic events which secured to this country its liberty.

A pyramidal tent camp was established near Brewster, N. Y., water piped in, and the first day spent in getting acquainted with the various sorts of variegated uniforms of the British, Colonials, French, Tory Greens and Morgan's Riflemen. White wigs effected quite a transformation, it was found, and long flintlock rifles and bayonets afforded quite a contrast to the sight of a soldier in conventional O. D.

The troops were drilled for a short time in the facings and in forming fours, style of 1775, somewhat similar to the present British drill. Quickly becoming proficient in this they progressed to the manual of arms, which in those days was quite a complicated process, something like this:

1. Poise your firelocks, 2 motions (carry piece to center of body, barrel to rear).
2. Cock your firelocks, 2 motions.
3. Present, 1 motion (six inches to rear with right foot, butt to shoulder, ready for firing).
4. Fire, 1 motion.
5. Half cock your firelock, 1 motion (bring piece to port and half cock hammer).
6. Handle your cartridge, 1 motion (slap your pouch, seize cartridge, bite the top well off).

(Continued on page 6)

NEIL HAMILTON *as*
CAPT. NATHAN HOLDEN

LIONEL BARRYMORE
as WALTER BUTLER

CAROL DEMPSTER
as NANCY MONTAGUE

CHARLES E. MACK
as THE YOUNGER MONTAGUE

ARTHUR DEWEY
as GEORGE WASHINGTON

7. Prime, 1 motion (shake the powder into the pan of the lock).
8. Shut your pans, 2 motions (shut pan and bring piece to the order, butt resting beside left toe, barrel to the front, muzzle at center of body).
9. Charge with cartridge, 2 motions (place the cartridge into the barrel, shaking the powder into the barrel and then inserting the paper and ball).
10. Draw your rammers, 1 motion (draw the ramrod with the right hand).
11. Ram down your cartridge, 1 motion (bring muzzle opposite left shoulder and ram down with the right hand).
12. Shoulder your firelocks, 2 motions (left hand to butt, assuming position of left shoulder arms).

Tactics were found to be quite different from those of the present day. The fundamental principles of fire and movement were used, but the armies of 1775 fought in company front, close order, the front rank firing a volley, then handing back the empty pieces and taking the muskets of the rear rank for another volley. Battles of that age doubtless made a brilliant display, but the method of fighting seems suicidal to soldiers trained to take wide intervals and seek cover.

Real work began the second day by staging the Battle of Johnston Hall, fought in Tyron County, New York, near the stronghold of Sir John Johnston, Commissioner over the Iroquois. This was followed by the Retreat from Lexington and Concord, the Battle of Merriam's Corners, various other marches and small engagements, and ending up with the Battle of Bunker Hill and the surrender at Yorktown.

Perhaps the most widely celebrated battle in American history is that of Bunker Hill. This was staged with the greatest possible accuracy to historical facts, and will no doubt afford the best showing on the screen. Tactically speaking, the battle consisted of three main assaults on a redoubt and breastworks on the top of Breed's Hill. The British troops moved forward slowly and steadily, in company front, the whole line forming a sort of semi-circle around the foot of the hill, the Grenadiers on the right. The troops were heavily laden and carried knapsacks. They delivered volleys with the regularity of a full dress parade and moved steadily onward right up to the breastworks, where Prescott gave that famous command, "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes," and in the volleys that blazed from the rifles of the Minute Men the Grenadiers and Light Infantry lost from three-fourths to nine-tenths of their men.

The charge was repeated with like results. Then the third charge was made, but without knapsacks. This time the Red Coats held their fire and stormed the redoubt and breastworks with the bayonet. They went clear over, gaining a tactical victory, but with a loss of over twenty-five hundred men. Their victory was barren of results.

The filming of this battle lasted about two days. It was an inspiring sight to see the long lines of troops, in triple rank, uniformed in bright scarlet coats, white breeches, black leggings and cocked hats, moving steadily up the hill to the music of the famous 18th Infantry Band, firing by volley as they progressed, and only breaking into disorder and retreat at the flash of the volley from the trenches at the top. Only the discipline and training of the Regular Army soldier could furnish such an exhibition, and the versatility of the American soldier was shown by the way he adapted himself to the atmosphere of the occasion. Some of the men "died" most realistically. One when asked by Mr. Griffith where he learned to "die," replied, "In the Argonne."

How Large Was George Washington?

THE figure of George Washington as shown in "America" was determined by a jury after months of careful research had been given. An old letter which he had written to a London tailor immediately after the war offered the most accurate measurements of him physically.

He ordered suits "of best material, for a man just six feet tall, medium slender, and standing erect."

So many of Washington's painted portraits show him as an old man, and vary greatly in details of expression as well as to size of features. When the jury, composed of three historians and eight others, had decided upon the appearance that history had recorded for the great leader, Mr. Griffith set about finding the actor to play the part.

He tested more than three hundred actors, finally selecting Arthur Dewey as the most perfect type. Dewey is a descendant of Revolutionary ancestors.

The Flappers of 1775

THE girl of today can directly trace her beginning in independence to the Revolutionary War. Until that time, girls were most carefully disciplined.

The war completely changed ideas of dress. No imports were permitted by the British fleet, and the American girls had to design their own dresses, and break suddenly away from the British customs.

Also the whimsical convenience of fainting was made obsolete by the new responsibilities the girls had to face.

The general atmosphere of rebellion extended to the girls regarding such strict parental authority as existed then. If Dad wouldn't be ordered about by the British, then Daughter wouldn't be ordered about by Dad. So the independence of the American girl, which has become a social phenomenon throughout the world, began.

Her principal vice at that time was the taking of snuff, a practice among women as common then as smoking cigarettes is today.

THE RIDE OF PAUL REVERE
THE BRITISH MARCH TO LEXINGTON
PITT ILL AND WEAK DEFENDS THE AMERICANS BEFORE PARLIAMENT
THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG IN BATTLE
"THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD" AT CONCORD BRIDGE

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THE FIRST STAND AT LEXINGTON

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS ENDS THE WAR

THE BATTLE THAT MADE A SHRINE OF BUNKER HILL

THE EXPRESS RIDER LEAVES TO WARN VIRGINIA

WHEN 70 AMERICANS FOUGHT 800 BRITISH SOLDIERS AT LEXINGTON

RISKING DEATH TO CARRY THE LAST PRECIOUS POWDER KEG TO THE AMERICAN FORCES AT BUNKER HILL

MORGAN'S RANGERS CHARGE TO SAVE THE FARMERS AND THE GRAIN FIELDS THAT MEAN LIFE TO WASHINGTON'S ARMY

A Sketch of Walter Butler

By Robert W. Chambers

(Mr. Chambers, one of the greatest of American novelists, has made the Revolutionary War history of Upper New York State one of his major hobbies. He has acquired a great many original documents, private letters and other rare sources of true history. From his country home in that section, he has followed the trails where the Indians marched in their forays, visited every principal scene of attack, and his knowledge of the larger events is illuminated with innumerable details. His pen is responsible for the intimate knowledge we have of Walter Butler, the most astonishing villain in all America's history.—Editor's Note.)

CONCERNING this strange, sinister and unhappy young man, the greatest of our historians, Fisk, remarks that he has been unable to discover in the character of Walter Butler a single redeeming trait.

This seems to be too severe a judgment. In my possession is a letter written by Walter Butler to Peter Van Schaick which reveals in the writer both kindness and generosity. Otherwise the letter is characteristic of this young man, for, presently, he flies into a rage against some man whom he believes has treated him with discourtesy. I think that Harold Frederick gave a true glimpse of Walter Butler—a momentary glimpse—but convincing.

From what we know about young Walter Butler he was, in person, attractive; in mind, accomplished.

His intense loyalty to his cause became more than an obscession. It amounted to madness—if indeed, the seeds of madness had not already germinated in this melancholy and dissipated young companion of Sir John Johnson.

The debauchery of these two sprigs of the Tryon County landed gentry covered a trail that lead from New York to Albany, to Schenectady, to Johnston, and to Quebec.

Their's was, socially, an unsavory record; but there is no reason for going into it here.

It may be that excesses unhinged Butler. His pride in his Ormand ancestry and connection, if indeed there really were such a descent, made him haughty, exacting and abnormally sensitive.

For the rest, his was an exaggerated character of a poetic temperament wholly wrapped up in himself—a neurotic easily unhinged by excitement, swiftly inflamed to violence by fancied neglect or insult.

After his escape from imprisonment in Albany, the terrible directness of his insolent letter to the American military authorities revealed the savage fire smouldering within his abnormal mind.

The contemptuous reply to that letter kindled his rage to a blaze which made a conflagration of Cherry Valley; and which drove him again and again in headlong fury on the Mohawk Valley.

For this merciless young man, Brant had only contempt. Of him, it is reported his own father, Colonel John Butler, said: "To save those poor people (at Cherry Valley), I would have crawled all the way on my hands and knees; and why my son did not spare them, God only knows."

This—and that Haldimand refused to see him—are legends of Tryon County. I do not know how true they are. I doubt Haldimand's delicacy because in my possession I have the petition for relief signed by the widow of the monster, Lieut. Hare; and upon which Haldimand has written approval over his own signature.

As for Walter Butler's guilt, there can be no doubt. He was the scourge of the Frontiers. All patriotic America rejoiced at his death; and I know of no other instance in our history where the death of an enemy was considered a matter for public celebration.

No more knightly figure rides through the history of those bloody days than that of Colonel Marivius Willett—who, later, was to become the first Mayor of New York under the Republic.

What could be more significant than that the chivalrous and kindly Willett glanced down from his snow-wet saddle with cold contempt at the battered body of Walter Butler; and, when an Oneida scout asked permission to take the scalp, shrugged his indifference, and rode on, leaving the unburied body to the forest wolves!

There is much material for a monograph on Walter Butler, but this is no place to attempt it.

His home still stands in northern New York State.

His abhorred memory still remains in the minds of the people whose forefathers he scourged with fire and hatchet.

The great struggle of the American Revolution was strictly a family affair—a fight between members of the same race geographically separated.

An alien king was the cause of it and precipitated it.

And, in that eight years' war, those few individuals who became infamous through cruelties and treacheries belonged to the common race; and that race must bear the obliquy, British and Americans alike, and, together, today, repudiate all that was un-English and un-American in a great family struggle which reflects honor on both.

What Was the Color of Paul Revere's Horse?

DISPUTES have tumbled through historical societies and persons laden with historic lore, regarding the color of the horse Paul Revere rode in the famous flight to Lexington. This is, perhaps, America's most famous horse; as, aside from the actual historic prominence, it is known to nearly every American through Longfellow's popular poem.

Painters, generally, have portrayed this horse as white. The color was recommended largely through artistic expediency rather than historic proof, as the white horse provided an easy contrast and relief from the background of the night scene. It is true that Revere's own horse was white.

Revere, however, lived in North Square, Boston, and as the British troops occupied the roads leading out of the city, he had to cross the river to Charlestown. Two friends, Joshua Bentley and Thomas Richardson, started with him across the Charles River in a boat when they saw the British ship "Somerset" anchored in mid-stream. They had nothing with which to muffle the oars, and Bentley went ashore, returning with a petticoat still warm from the body of a Daughter of Liberty.

It was the night of April 18, 1775. A horse had been borrowed from Deacon Larkin in Charlestown, for the ride. The Deacon had two horses, it is reported, one a seal bay and the other a dark roan in color.

The only document bearing any stamp of authenticity as to the color of the horse selected, is an excerpt from a private letter now in the home of a wealthy Rhode Island banker. The private nature of the letter has prevented it having been published, but when the present owner learned of the efforts of Mr. Griffith's staff to determine the exact color of the Revere horse, he sent this information from the letter: "We could see the foam on the dark side of Revere's horse."

So it has been thoroughly proven the horse was not white; but it is improbable any one can ever prove the exact color.

Tradition says the horse died from the effects of the ride.

When he made the ride that was to establish his name imperishably among the heroes of the Revolutionary War, Paul Revere was in his forties, a heavy set, sturdy man capable of great exertions; and an ardent protestant against the impositions of the British laws.

For some years he had been a dentist, surrendering the probes and forceps to renew his work as a silversmith a trade to which he had been apprenticed as a youngster. He was unusually skillful with his work in precious metals, only abandoning it for the dental career because there was so little work available in Boston. He complained the well-to-do families preferred having their silver vessels made in England, desiring imported luxuries over those made at home.

All records accent the warmth and likeableness of his personality, his unusual bodily vigor, and his fearless enthusiasm in advancing any cause that caught his interest.

His great fame is due in part to his personal popularity, and the picturesqueness of his individuality. He was a close friend of John Hancock and Samuel Adams and other leaders of the Revolutionary movement. His greatest fortune, however, was in having one of the greatest of press agents, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who wrote the poem immortalizing the ride.

Few people know that a brother express rider of Revere not only made as sensational a ride, but actually rode further on the same mission. They went from Boston to Lexington by different roads. Revere was stopped by British soldiers after riding out of Lexington, a total distance of nearly thirteen miles. Dawes was more successful and rode about seventeen miles before being stopped.

Revere's ride was more dramatic, however, as he warned Hancock and Adams, the two leaders whom the British wanted to capture above all others. They were concealed in the home of the Rev. Jonas Clarke on Bedford Road, Lexington, tucked two in a bed and asleep when Revere cried "The British are coming."

The British captured Revere. In the excitement of the morning, he escaped and made his way on foot back to Lexington.

Revere realized a pleasant and prominent old age, continuing his work as silversmith. His home is now one of the patriotic shrines of Boston.

Paul Revere's Ride

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The "Somerset," British Man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest windows in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight

A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides:
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.
It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meetinghouse windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

D. W. Griffith—Maker of Pictures

KENTUCKY is the birth-place and the home of D. W. Griffith. His residence is at his studios in Mamaroneck, N. Y. There he has established a sea-walled park for picture-making, one of the show places along Long Island Sound, visible for miles, canopied with great elms and birches; and soothed into a restful reach of nature by surrounding lawns.

Here Mr. Griffith makes all his pictures, which, critics say, are unequalled for emotional intensity, poetic beauty and dramatic suspense.

How does this man appear? He is in his early forties; five feet and eleven inches tall, weighing one hundred and fifty-two pounds. Physically, he has a firm balance of bone, with alert decisive movement; a slender, cutting body with no suggestion of brute strength. His vitality and endurance are premiums of perfect health and indomitable will.

His studio is his home. For weeks, he never leaves the grounds. Up at seven-thirty every morning, he works steadily until from eleven to one o'clock every night. It is most typical of him that he hastens, but never hurries; moves quickly but never rushes.

Hancock-Clarke House, Lexington, Mass.

While other directors have the resources of great organizations to assist them, Mr. Griffith works alone. He selects his own stories. Then he begins to cast the principal roles. In this day when so many successful players have long-term contracts, this is often a most trying and difficult task; as available talent is often unsuitable.

While he selects his cast, he rehearses them, at once to prove the worth of the player in absorbing the role, and to work out the details of the drama so every member will be saturated with the purposes of the parts.

During the rehearsals, the costumes are selected, tried out, changed over and over again until final choice is made.

In directing his players, Mr. Griffith first allows the players to interpret the action for themselves, so that their portrayal may be natural. From this basis, he improves, suggesting movements and meanings. Only in intensely dramatic scenes does he ever raise his voice, and then only as emotional incentive. While the action proceeds, his face is a pathway for the quick and flowing emotions the scene reveals. His sensitive face registers every shy shade of feeling, and works vividly when the stronger strains of drama are touched. He is "all things to all men," feeling and reflecting every phase of every character. Psychologists declare it is this sensitive response which permits him to keep healthy and alert under unbelievable burdens.

His attitude towards his players is that of persuasive partnership, first following their original reactions, then sharing with them, gradually expanding the mood so that he leads them; and finally moulding the scene for the permanency of the camera by stimulating and spurring them.

He corrects but seldom criticizes and never denounces. It is his firm policy in the social as well as professional world, never to say an unkind thing about a person; and if he ever says an uncomplimentary thing, he says it to the person, and not to others. His tolerance and patience are two capital features of his rare ability to handle others.

Robert W. Chambers, the famous novelist and student of character, says of Griffith: "I can think of no other man so entirely humble, so truly modest as D. W. Griffith. Unselfish, generous, whimsical and fun-loving, with the courage and intelligence of a great leader, and the visions of genius, here is a rare man."

Rex Ingram, the famous director, recently paid in print this tribute: "We all follow Griffith. He did everything first and the other directors do them over again as best they can. Motion pictures owe everything to this man."

With all his successes, Mr. Griffith remains a poor man. He lives in two rooms, lightly furnished, mostly with books and gymnastic apparatus. He reads at least one-half hour every day, without regard to how strenuous the work of the day has been.

A trifling but interesting peculiarity is that he can never keep his watch running. Time and again he has been presented with costly watches, but after wearing them two or three weeks, they stop.

Today he stands in perfect health, with a record of having made five times as many pictures as any other director, with having created the technique which is now the accepted method of picture making. Year after year he establishes new records in the number of pictures rated among the ten best by vote of public and critics. Some of his most famous works are "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East" and "Orphans of the Storm." And yet he is planning now to do what he considers the real work of his life, the making of a series of large pictures portraying the great dramatic moments of mankind.

Something New About the Old

By John L. E. Pell

Mr. Pell made the historical arrangement for "America"

THERE is probably no more interesting occupation than to become connected with the research department of one of the larger moving picture corporations. For the quest of unearthing long forgotten historic data not only brings with it a sustaining thrill but a gratifying satisfaction, when one stumbles upon a treasure long since buried in the archives and lost to the memory of man.

Probably this same incentive urges on the searchers in the diamond fields of Kimberley or the astronomer as he sweeps the heavens with the great telescopes of modern times, seeking some new star among the greater constellations. In providing the historical arrangement or background for a great production like Mr. Griffith's "America," keeping this background accurate as to facts without impairing the romance or its atmosphere, one is sometimes beset with almost unsurmountable difficulties, arising from the space that can be allotted on the screen to each particular incident, and its direct or reflect effect upon the past or subsequent action. In the effort made to supply realism in many of the scenes of "America," our research department uncovered much interesting material and arcana long since concealed beneath the dust of time, and while much of this remains in a final analysis of the picture, a great amount has had to be relegated to the studio files.

In consequence, it might be of interest to glance quickly through one of the numerous portfolios containing this data. In one we find described the secret staircase in Buckman Tavern, Lexington, Mass. This staircase led from the reception room to the upper floor and was concealed behind a panel constructed in this way to permit the fair ladies of those times to reach their bedrooms above without entering the main hall, which alone separated the reception and tap rooms, for in the latter boisterous teamsters of the far North were often wont to make merry into the far hours of the morning. Another unused flight of steps descended into a small room below the ground level, which might have been used as a lodging place for some of the teamsters whose convivial manners sometimes forced the landlord to relegate them to some separate apartment for the night.

Major Pitcairn's silver pistols used in "America"

In a second file we find an account of the underground passageway at Westover on the James River, Virginia, this tunnel dating back to the time of the Indian wars was evidently designed to allow the escape of the household in case of dire disaster. For it leads from a detached building, a hundred yards in opposite directions to the banks of the James, is carefully planned, and skilfully built of red brick and exceptionally tough mortar. It is in as good condition today as the day it was constructed. In still another file can be found a description of the dungeon of the old slave days, where blacks were herded for transit and where many died from the intense crowding and the effects of filth and foul air.

Many relics of the times intimately associated with the daily lives of our characters were brought to light, such as Paul Revere's toddy iron, the lone black glove George Washington wore after his mother's death, and the broiler that was used by Jonas Parker, which saved each drop of blood gravy which no doubt had much to do with his great strength, as he was a noted wrestler of the times. This relic is of singular construction, its fluted grids forming canals which empty into a cuplike receptacle on the side.

Another interesting device to capture the wild pigeons that abounded in those days, consisted of a crudely constructed net on a frame, with a support to hold it above the ground. Corn was spread beneath the trap to attract the birds and upon a flock congregating a string was pulled, dropping the netted frame over the victims. This was repeated until a goodly number had been caught to salt down for winter food, which was one of the main supplies to be had in those days. Wild pigeons at flight time then blackened the sky. They are now extinct.

Window weights were bought for bullets by govern-

ment agents during the war. A receipt was given with the amount to be paid marked upon it. A few of these due bills are still in existence. A year before the beginning of the Revolution, the Committee of Safety had gunsmiths traveling the country secretly making a record of the number and kind of firearms owned by the inhabitants of each community, and all weapons in need of repair were put into condition for active service. Many of the better class of farmhouses were carpeted with sand and on festive occasions this covering was smoothed and designs drawn upon it with a coarse straw broom. Written records tell us of examples of great elaboration in this work as the artistic genius of some member of a family was given full sway. Washington's likeness and incidents of the times supplying the material for the most elaborate "engravings."

We find that one year in Lexington the weather remained so cold throughout the entire twelve months that grain was counted by the kernel when sold for food for human consumption, the stock being deprived of its usual sustenance was fed on such substitutes as could be found, many dying, and those that survived grew to resemble racks of bones.

The scenes of the Old North Church, Boston, used in the picture were taken on that historical spot, and the belfry wired as were the reproductions of Paul Revere's lanterns at great risk to the edifice. Every precaution was taken against its possible injury or destruction, the Boston Fire Department co-operating with men and apparatus during the time spent on this work.

The vestry of the parish in giving its consent after much deliberation, finally concluded that the risk entailed was no greater than the gift of this realism to posterity.

At Lexington the original drum used in the last roll call is the same drum which beat the alarm on that memorable morning of the 19th of April, 1775. And the silver pistols of Major Pitcairn were brought from the vaults at the Hancock-Clarke House and used in the making of this picture.

The flag shown at the Concord Bridge scene, carried by the men of Bedford, was the first military emblem used by the Colonists in New England. The original of this flag is now preserved under glass in the Masonic rooms at Bedford, Mass., where it may be seen by visitors.

It is interesting to note the tent occupied by General Washington at Valley Forge during the building of the log encampment has been preserved and is now in the museum there, and while it was impracticable to use this in the picture, the log huts seen on the screen are exact copies of those used by the Continental Army during that frightful winter which will ever make Valley Forge one of America's most sacred shrines.

Powder—1775

Congress agreed to purchase all the saltpeter manufactured in the Province for the next twelve months at a stated price. After the passage of this act a countryman brought into the House half a bushel of saltpeter which he had made and promised that more could be made in eight months than the Province had money to pay for. His method was as follows: To take earth from under old houses and barns, put it lightly into a hogshead, then fill it with water, immediately forming a lye. This lye he then put into an ashes leach that had all the goodness extracted from it; this acting only as a strainer.

After it was run through the machine he boiled the lye to clarify it to a certain consistency, then he put it to cool, and the saltpeter formed and was ready to use. From every bushel of earth he produced three-fourths of a pound of saltpeter.

When this information was furnished, Congress suppressed the act for amendment.

At Concord arms were concealed by hiding them in a furrow then the plow was run parallel and the ground turned over, concealing them completely.

In a contest 500 Southern Riflemen, probably Morgan's, fired at the outline of a human nose drawn on a board at 150 yards' range; the first 20 men firing cut the nose entirely out of the board.

Many jokes were made on the nudity of the Continentals. This view was taken of the veterans during the last year of the war:

"If the war is continued through the winter the British troops will be scared at the sight of our men, for as they never fought with naked men, the novelty of it will terrify them."

John Richard Green, the British historian, has said of Washington: "No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life."

General Knox estimated that the total number of men who served as Continentals, or as Militiamen, during any part of the eight years of war was 232,000.

The original drum used in the last roll call at Lexington

PERSONALITIES

ERVILLE ALDERSON, who plays with such striking art Justice Montague, is a native of Kansas City, Mo. His father was a prominent attorney, author of several standard works on legal matters. Alderson himself studied law, but was unable to resist the lure of the stage, and on his twenty-first birthday instead of taking his oath at the bar he joined a theatrical stock company. During his career he founded a repetoire theatre in Kansas City, which is still regarded as a model institution of its kind. He joined the Griffith forces to play in "The White Rose," and liked the screen world so well that he has since remained in it.

LIONEL BARRYMORE—Most versatile and gifted member of a family whose name is synonymous with the finest stage talent, got his first training as a motion picture actor under Mr. Griffith in the old Biograph studios. No one conversant with the recent annals of the spoken stage need be reminded of his triumphs in "The Copperhead," "The Jest" and the other outstanding artistic dramatic hits. He is hardly less well known to screen audiences through his remarkable characterizations in a score of films. He has been called "the perfect villain," but never in his remarkable career has he had a part into which he has thrown himself as that of Walter Butler in "America."

CAROL DEMPSTER—the Nancy Montague of this stirring epic of Revolutionary days, is a daughter of California. Studying dancing at the Dennishawn school, she had planned for herself a career as a classical terpsichorean and went into motion pictures through chance. She was one of a number of young dancers sent to the Griffith studios in California by the Dennishawn school to dance in "Intolerance." Mr. Griffith was deeply impressed by her delicate beauty, and at his suggestion she gave up her dancing career for one in the screen world. Under his tuition she developed until in "One Exciting Night," and "The White Rose," she achieved signal successes. While mastering the art of acting for the silent drama, Miss Dempster has continued her vocal studies, and may at a not far distant date equal on the operatic stage her triumph in "America."

ARTHUR DEWEY, whose majestic portrayal of George Washington is one of the most charming features of "America," was born in Colchester, Ill., where his parents still reside. He went on the stage at an early age and earned his spurs through a barnstorming career through the Middle West, during which he played every conceivable role. For two years his principal character was that of Simon Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." So great was his success in this role through the towns of the West that it seemed likely that he would chase little Eva across the ice for the rest of his life. Desiring to enter the picture field, however, he came to New York, and affiliated himself with the Griffith studios. Experts declare that Dewey is physically an exact counterpart of Washington.

ARTHUR DONALDSON, a direct descendant of the Vikings, the noted Swedish actor who bears so striking a resemblance to King George Third. He began his stage career at the age of seven years, but first appeared in this country in 1896 with the Duff Opera Company. His fine baritone voice attracted much attention and he became leading baritone with the noted Tivoli organization in San Francisco, and later with Augustine Daly. He created the title role of "The Prince of Pilsen," and later sang in "The Blue Moon" and "The Wanderer." He returned to Sweden in 1911, appearing there first in speaking parts at the Oscar Theatre, Stockholm, and later in motion pictures directed and written by himself. He came back to this country in 1915, entering the picture field. He has appeared in more than 350 roles, and his experience ranges from farce to grand opera. His performance as King George Third was so realistic that Sir Percy Sykes, the British authority on court etiquette who assisted in staging the court scenes, never addressed him save as "Your Majesty."

NEIL HAMILTON, in the production of "America," has served to present the public with a new leading man of exceptional appearance and extraordinary ability. He was born in Lynn, Mass. Hamilton, still a boy in years, has worked his way to the top of his profession through sheer ability. He was educated in Athol, Mass., and later moved to New Haven, Conn. He began his professional career five years ago, playing a small part in the stage production of "The Better 'Ole." Following engagements in vaudeville and with stock companies, he entered the picture field under Griffith. Like Miss Dempster, Hamilton may be said to be entirely a product of Griffith's tuition, for he has appeared in no pictures other than those personally directed by the master of film art. His first appearance on the screen was in "The White Rose."

RILEY HATCH'S long experience in Indian roles, makes him the ideal for the role of Joseph Brant, chief of the Mohawks. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Hatch began his career as a vocalist, singing in concert and in opera. Following extensive musical study in France, Hatch made his debut in London, England, in the role of Taby-wan-a in "The Squaw Man." His first stage appearance in his native land was in "Paid in Full." When William Faversham revived "The Squaw Man" Hatch was cast for his original role. Following a successful career on the spoken stage and in musical comedy Hatch entered the film field, where his fine work has earned him admirers in all parts of the country.

CHARLES EMMETT MACK, the Charles Edward Philip Montague of the picture, was born in Scranton, Pa., and studied at St. Thomas' College there. He had barely graduated when he got the circus fever and ran away from home to join the Ringling Brothers' Circus, with which he traveled for two seasons. Then he launched into vaudeville, and later became a member of a stock company. Attracted by the film, he joined the Griffith forces, and has since been exclusively under Griffith's tuition. He had appeared in a number of pictures, his first appearance being in "Dream Street."

HARRY EDWARD O'NEILL, the furiously galloping Paul Revere of the picture is of distinguished theatrical parentage. His father was a member of Richard Mansfield's company, and his mother a member of the famous Cansino family, dancers to the Court of Spain. Born in Rochester, N. Y., young O'Neill traveled with his parents, and as he grew up studied his lessons on a trunk in their dressing room. In the course of his career he has made a tour of the world as an actor, and for several seasons played in Sydney Australia.

LOUIS ROBERT WOLHEIM, Cornell graduate, professor of mathematics, star football player, mechanical engineer, and revolutionist, the Captain Hare of "America," is one of the most remarkable and most interesting men before the American public today. Finding a proffered captaincy in Pancho Villa's army "too slow," Wolheim came to New York in search of adventure. He was introduced to Lionel Barrymore and the latter induced him to enter the motion picture field. His first role was that of a tough captain and he did it so realistically that the rest of the company threatened to quit. He achieved fame in the title role of Eugene O'Neil's "Hairy Ape," which ran on the New York stage for seven months. He has appeared in a large number of pictures, including Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm," and never fails to give a convincing characterization.

Grateful Acknowledgements of Assistance are Due:

Daughters of the American Revolution.
Edwin B. Worthen, President Lexington Historical Society, Lexington, Mass.
Secretary of War John W. Weeks, Washington, D. C.
G. Watson James, Jr., National Historian, Sons of the Revolution.
Brigadier General Sir Percy Sykes of the British Army.
Charles K. Bolton, President Boston Athenaeum and Senior Warden Old North Church.
Dr. J. A. C. Chandler, President College of William and Mary.
Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, of the Faculty College of William and Mary.
E. G. Swen, Librarian College of William and Mary.
Richard Crane, Westover on the James River, Va.
Admiral and Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Bransford, Shirley on the James River, Va.
Governor Trinkle of Virginia.
John Q. James, Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, Va.
Major General Robert L. Bullard, U. S. A.
Major William C. Rose, U. S. A., Governor's Island.
Major Marino, U. S. A., Fort Slocum, N. Y.
Capt. George T. Shank, U. S. A., Fort Slocum, N. Y.
The 18th Infantry, U. S. A.
The 16th Infantry, U. S. A.
Col. Hamilton Hawkins, 3rd U. S. Cavalry, Fort Meyer, Va.
Major J. M. Wainwright, Fort Meyer, Va.
Third U. S. Cavalry of Fort Meyer, Va.
W. Jordan, Curator Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.
W. Herbert Burk, D. D., Valley Forge Historical Society.
Paul Revere Historical Society.
Virginia Historical Society.
New York Public Library.
New York Historical Society.
Massachusetts Historical Society.

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Scenic Artist.....Charles E. Boss
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Chief Projectionist.....Benjamin Turner

This Souvenir Program was Designed and Printed by Commanday-Roth Co., Inc., *New York City.*
Edited by Gerrit J. Lloyd, *General Press Representative.*